A DIALOGUE

Betwixt H. B's. GHOST, AND His Dear Author R. L'Estrange.

20. May. 1681.

GHOST.

BE not afraid, its kindneſs brings me here,
And makes me leave a while the lower Sphere;
That I in time may warn thee of the wrong,
Done by thy Scribling Pen and Lying Tongue.
Tho' I indeed can tell thee now no more,
Than thy own Conſcience oft has told before:
Yet that thou mayn't thy Wicked Courſe ſtill tread,
I'm come to give Thee warning from the Dead.
I can't by Words or Gain deceived be,
For now I can through all diſguiſes ſee:
Repent for thou grow'ſt old, muſt yield to Fate,
I ſay repent, before it be too late;
For all thoſe Lies I uſher'd to the World,
Deceiv'd by thee, now, in my face are hurl'd,
That witty Malice I did once admire,
Hid in thy Works like Sulphur now takes Fire,
And though to you on Earth I ſtill prov'd kind,
'Tis from your Pamphlets I my Torment find;
For with thoſe Sheets I Printed, now well dry'd,
The wicked Devils ſinge and ſcorch my Hide:
If thus to me ſuch Puniſhment's aſſign'd,
What Torment will they for the Author find?
You ſee therefore to warn thee I'm kind.

L'Estrange.

In the Name of the Goblin of Hobgoblins, a Diſſenter, what makeſt thee to come to trouble me? Tho' I am not much afraid of Devils, believing none, yet thou haſt made me ſtart: Beſhrew thee, I was afraid thou haadſt been come to ask me money. Prethee go and be Damn'd if thou wilt; I do not deſire thy Company, ſince I can make no more uſe of thee.

GHOST.

Ungrateful Wretch, am I a trouble now?
Who to my Coſt, ſo uſeful was to you?
I who alive, was your ill ridden Slave,
No ſooner am I dropt into the Grave,
But all's forgot, and what to me ſeems worſe,
My very kindneſs now you count a Curſe:
Is it becauſe to me ſo much you owe,
Or elſe, for that I now your inſide know?
Provoke me not, leſt to the World I tell
Thoſe hidden things you know I can reveal.

L. S.

Dear Friend Ghoſt don't think to affright me with that; You may know too, if you pleaſe, how I have Wit enough to make the World believe any thing, and that I have Impudence enough to outface all Accuſations and Oaths, That I have Courage enough to abuſe every Body, and that I have Diſſimulation enough to appear what I am not, ſo that ſay what you will, no body ſhall believe you.

GHOST.

And ſuch a Fool was I, whilſt I did live,
Deceived by you, I did the World deceive;
But though the World will not believe my Ghoſt,
And that on it my Words and Truth were loſt;
Yet ſince this Voyage was in kindneſs meant,
Methinks that I ſhould move you to Repent,
And touch your hardned Soul with ſome remorſe,
And make you leave your Wicked, Lying Courſe.

L. S.

Good Ghoſt leave Preaching, and don't trouble me with thy Impertinence, we have had ſo many ariſe from the Dead of late, that they are grown familiar, and almoſt contemptible: You had therefore as good hold your Tongue, for you'l be but laught at: And as for my ſelf, do you think I care for your Morality or Divinity either; I lov'd you very well, while alive, but 'twas for my own ends, and I am not a little troubled at your Death, becauſe I ſhall never meet with ſuch another, ſo very uſeful as thou haſt been, and I ſhall be at a great loſs. I know thou haſt ſuffered upon my Account, but have not I Eterniſed thy Name with my own, and over-paid thee for all? and I was thinking to have wrote thy Elegy, had not you come thus to interrupt me, and to accuſe me for doing ſo much Good to my Country, and ſatisfying my Conſcience in ſhewing my Loyalty to my King, and my Zeal to the Church, againſt theſe Vermine and Peſts of the Nation, that write and ſpeak againſt me and Popery.

GHOST

GHOST,

It is a ſign you fear not God, nor Hell,
Since thou to me ſo great a Lye dar'ſt tell
To me, who now all your pretences know,
And has to me diſcover'd been below.
To brag of Loyalty, to me refrain;
Your Loyalty I underſtand is Gain:
Your Love to King, your County and your Friends,
Is but to ſerve your baſe and wicked Ends:
'Tis Malice and Revenge, which you call Zeal,
For Holy Church, and for the Common Weal:
I know full well what Intereſt you drive on,
And whom you would Advance unto the Throne.
Death has new Senſes given, new Ears and Eyes,
I was before a Fool, but now grown Wiſe:
For every thing, I now have ſeen and heard,
And how your Zeal is fired with Reward.
And prithee ſince here's none but I and You,
Tell me, let Conſcience tell me, is'nt this true?

L. S.

What a Preaching Book-ſeller art thou become? What haſt thou to do with me and Conſcience? do you think I am now to be Catechiſed by a paltry Ghoſt about Conſcience? come, come, I have ſtudied the point, and queſtion not, if you will furniſh me with Books, as thou wert wont to do, but to argue my Caſe with Advantage at Lockiers Bar, and baffle all his Orators. But, tell me, how you came to be ſo Poetical? do they all ſpeak in Rhime in the neither World?

GHOST.

Uſe you your Drolling Proſe, this fits my Mind,
Thus Oracles of Old did ſpeak, you find:
The Crimes of Men, Satyrs do ſtill Rehearſe,
In poynant Rhyme, and in two Edged Verſe.
Grave as a Church-man, I your Vices would tell,
To keep your Soul from being Damn'd in Hell:
If you at laſt will ſober grow and wiſe,
Leave your black Crimes, and follow my Advice.

L. S.

I warn't you'l adviſe me turn honeſt, undeceive the People, Recant, ask Forriveneſs of thoſe I have Wrong'd, do as I would be done unto, and ſuch like Moral Stuff: turn Honeſt, that's Impoſſible, what a ſhame would that be, after ſo many years Travelling in another Road? and what ſhould I get by it? Honeſty won't Cloth the Back, nor fill the Belly, as the World goes: I fancy De-que-vedoes Hell is a much better place than the ſtarving Purgatory of Honeſty. And as for asking forgiveneſs, what a Task would that be? 'twould ask more years than I have Weeks to live. I have wrong'd and abuſed ſo many, a whole Nation at leaſt. I am better Principl'd than ſo, and have ſeen more leading Precedents.

GHOST.

I ſee the Fiend that Lodges in thy Heart,
But I have done for thee a Friendly part;
I've told thee what at laſt will be thy Doom,
Though thou ſtill laugh'ſt at what is yet to come.
Go on, believe not what thou do'ſt not ſee;
Believe not living Oracles, nor me.
Thirſt after Gain, Honour, and empty Fame,
And get at laſt for all, a *Crack-fart's* Name.
Fond man, do'ſt think thou can'ſt a Nation ſway,
Or the grand Wheel of Fate that's turning, ſtay.
With thy ſtill ſcribling and defaming Pen?
Which makes thee hated of all honeſt men:
With Diamond Pen in Braſs thy Works are wrot,
That they below may never be forgot.
They'l worſer prove than your great Senates Vote,
And thine own Words will ſerve to cut thy Throat:
For the more ſtir thou with thy Pen doſt keep,
Tho' here perhaps thou may'ſt ſome profit reap,
Thy Crimes and Puniſhment do both Increaſe:
Thy wit is grown thy burthen and Diſeaſe,
Juſtice below is to the Crimes made fit,
Which will condemn thy vile pernicious wit:
And what to others trouble gave above,
Below for e're ſhall thy own Torment prove:
There's but one way this Juſtice to prevent,
Leave ſcribling, ask forgiveneſs, and Repent.

R. S.

So he's gon: I hope he'l now be quiet: This is, I think, the nine and thirtieth warning I have had, and to as little purpoſe, as all the reſt, and ſo I'le let them know in my next Pamphlet, which ſhall out as ſoon as I can agree with a Book-ſeller. 'Tis good to be true to ones Principles.

Let Ghoſts talk what they will of Hell and Pain,
From real pleaſure they ſhan't me reſtrain:
The Itch of Scribling, and the ſweet of Gain.

FINIS.

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